My Liege and Madam, to expoſtulate
What maieſtie ſhould be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the ſoule of wit,
And tediouſneſſe the limmes and outward floriſhes:
I will be briefe your noble ſonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madneſſe,
What iſt but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that goe.

*Quee.* More matter with leſſe art.

*Pol.* Madam, I ſweare Iuſe no art at all,
That he's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay the cauſe of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and ſurmiſe,

*To the Celeſtiall and my ſoules Idoll the moſt beautified*
Ophelia, *that's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe, but you ſhall heare: thus in her excellent white boſome, theſe &c.*

*Quee.* Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

*Pol.* Good Madam ſtay awile, I will be faithfull,

*Doubt thou the ſtars are fiee,* *Letter.*
*Doubt that the Sunne doth mouue,*
*Doubt truth to be a lyer,*
*But neuer doubt I loue.*

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee beſt, oh moſt beſt beleeue it! adiew. Thine euermore moſt deare Ladie, whileſt this machine is to him.

*Pol.* This in obedience hath my daughter ſhown me (*Hamlet*
And more about hath his ſolicitings

As



As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

*King.* But how hath ſhe receiu'd his loue?

*Pol.* What doe you thinke of me?

*King.* As of a man faithfull and honourable.

*Pol.* I would faine proue ſo, but what might you thinke
When I had ſeene this hot loue on the wing?
As I perceiu'd it (I muſt tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maieſtie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the Deske, or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Miſtreſſe this I did beſpeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſtarre,
This muſt not be: and then I preſcripts gaue her
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receiue no tokens.
Which done ſhe tooke the fruits of my aduiſe,
And he repel'd, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell into a ſadneſſe, then into a faſt,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakneſſe,
Thence to lightneſſe, and by this declenſion,
Into the madneſſe wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

*King.* Doe you thinke this?

*Quee.* It may be very like.

*Pol.* Hath there beene ſuch a time, I would faine know t
That I haue poſitiuely ſaid, tis ſo,
When it prou'd otherwiſe?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this, from this, if this be otherwiſe;
If circumſtances leade me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.

*King.* How may we trie it further?

*Pol.* You know ſometimes he walkes foure houres tog
Heere in the Lobbie.